

 r/HFY · Posted by u/MrSharks202 1 hour ago

They were wrong about mankind, but its too late.

 

Original prompt: *The humans just ripped apart the alien fleet with their bare hands. It's war, and humans are TOUGH.*

Prompt idea by: [u/TheOutcast06](#)

Shock is a universal emotion, and it was drenching the faces' of the aliens. Their war chamber was in monastic silence, gazing with hollowed eyes at what was once their commanding war fleet, they quietly realized that something was very very wrong.

The alien's were diligent calculators, shrewd minds that were honed by eons of cosmic number crunching had formed them into vessels of prediction. Sports and betting become long lost relics of history to them, for such simple games could be splayed out in equations so easily that it was mere child's play to predict winners. This fascinating trait is how humanity named them, they were called the Calculators.

Their war with mankind was much like their dinners, planned years in advance and so meticulous that even the spoons were ordered weeks ahead of time. They'd dedicated entire schools to breaking down mankind's every aspect, from the average amount of hair they had to the very ratio of their fingernails, if there was something to be known about humans the Calculator's probably had a class on it.

So it was simple, the Calculators never lost, that kind of idea was like saying the Pythagorean theorem found a right triangle it didn't work for. War was not even news for them, it was just another piece of data for them to add in the equation of their lives. ("Mankind attack begun, expected end date is 45,234,085,324 universal ticks from now," Was the exact headline they produced for their citizens).

So, when the war bells chimed and they arrived in orderly lines to observe from their war room, and they saw the hellfire apocalypse being reaped by brutal warfare on their screens, they felt fear. When their first attack became a dogfight instead of a simple euthanasia, they became confused. When mankind attacked with broken ships and half burnt off faces, they became terrified.

The miscalculation was simple: They expected logical play. They weren't ignorant, they knew that mankind was less calculated than them and that a lot of moves they made would be erroneous, they prepared perfectly well for that. What they didn't predict? That a man could have his torso violently blown off and still raise himself to fire one last shot from his blaster while cursing the

sky. That a group of individuals could carry each other on their backs and keep fighting instead of giving up. That an entire fort could fight till annihilation instead of surrendering against a ten-to-one force. They did not know what human spirit was. How could they?

Mankind won the war not by destroying all of their ships, instead the Calculators just mentally gave up way before that. When they saw human's that had Calculator skulls tattooed on their arms, and soldiers with missing legs still choose to come back to fight, they lost the will to keep going. They'd never been so wrong before, and they did not know how to handle defeat.

Mankind's greatest weakness on Earth became their strongest weapon in the stars. Their inability to prepare for everything and incompetency when faced with enormous obstacles morphed into a relentless ability to keep going. From the very cosmic soup they were once made from, all they'd ever known was fight. Millions of years spent biting down on the rag of life and refusing to scream in pain, millions of years of ruthless struggle and relentless perseverance. This trait is now known as Mankind's Unconquerable soul, and it rules the galaxy.